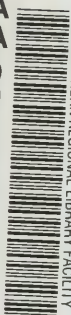


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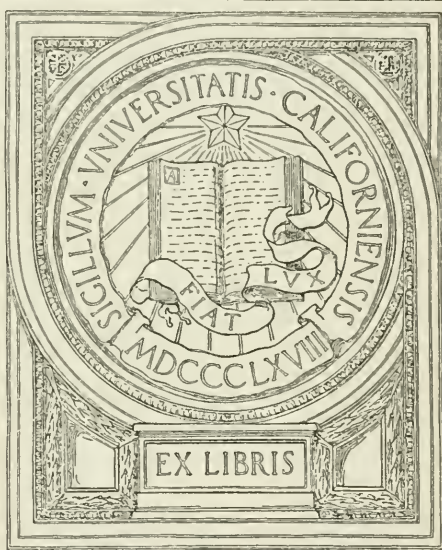
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In Memoriam.
Edith Jane Claypole.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

In Memoriam

Edith Jane Claypole

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

Here promise spoke in every curve ;
The wit to see, the heart to serve ;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

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EDITH JANE CLAYPOLE

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COWAN LIBRARY, 1938

Our best beloved live with us always; their's is a wordless, constant, if invisible presence. But in the first keen anguish of a sudden breaking of the physical bond, comfort comes from words of love and appreciation that are poured like a flood of golden sunlight from the hearts of friends. If by their lighting of the nobility, the sweetness, the dear-ness of her "we have loved long since and lost awhile" they make us more keenly aware of the physical absence, of the silence, of the veil that lies between There and Here, these loving words still bring comfort and help us toward serenity.

It is with a wish to share these beautiful words from the hearts of friends, to share the peace and comfort of them, that we, Agnes Claypole Moody and Marion Elizabeth Hubbard, twin sister and loving comrade, put them into this booklet.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By MARIAN E. HUBBARD

JANUARY 1, 1870—MARCH 27, 1915

On the twenty-seventh of March, 1915, in the fullness of the California spring, there died in Berkeley, in the service of humanity, Edith Jane Claypole, one of the fairest flowers of human kind.

She was born in Bristol, England, in 1870. Her father, Edward Waller Claypole, was a well-known man of science, and from him and her mother she inherited the happy combination of a strong body, a mind active and keen, a spirit gentle, fearless, enduring.

She and her twin sister Agnes, alike in form and feature, similar in tastes and in abilities, grew up together, inseparable in their work and in their play. When they were nine years old they came to America, to Akron, Ohio, where their father taught for sixteen years at Buchtel College. Their early environment was not one of great wealth or material advantages, but it was rich in the influences that are worth far more, for in that home dwelt sound knowledge, love of truth, and gentle courtesy. They did not go to school, but were prepared for college by their father and their mother. This exceptional training had its effect in all their later lives. There, at home, they learned to know, at first hand and intimately, the world about them, the rocks, the birds, the flowers. There they learned the value of accurate observation, there they formed habits of making careful judgments. There, also, grew those qualities of gentleness, courage, and consideration for others, that so endeared them to their friends.

The two sisters entered Buchtel College, and after taking the degree of Ph.B., in 1892, they went to Cornell for further work. It was at Cornell that Dr. Claypole exhibited her unusual capacity for research, her thesis on the white blood-cells winning for her, in 1893, the degree of M.S. with the highest honors.

In 1894 she came to Wellesley as instructor in Physiology and Histology, in which post she remained for five years. During two

years of that time, in the absence of Professor Willcox, she acted as head of the Department of Zoology, and during those two years her sister Agnes was also an instructor.

In 1899, entering upon her work in medicine, she went to Cornell and completed the first two years in the Medical Department, assisting meanwhile in Physiology. Owing to the illness of her mother, she did not complete her work in the east, but went to Pasadena in 1901. For a time she taught science in Throop Polytechnic Institute in Pasadena. Later, and while acting as pathologist in the office of Dr. Norman Bridge of Los Angeles, she finished her medical course and received the degree of M.D. in the University of California, Southern Branch, in 1904, specializing in Pathology.

After that came eight years of practice, as pathologist, in Pasadena and Los Angeles, years which brought her recognition in scientific and professional circles, and which drew to her many lasting friends.

Then came the opportunity for which her special gifts of research, her special training, her professional experience, had made her ripe. She joined, in 1912, as a volunteer worker, the department of Pathology at the University of California, in Berkeley, under the leadership of Dr. F. P. Gay. By her services she made herself so invaluable that she was appointed Research Associate, which position she held at the time of her death.

Many papers attest her powers of productive research. Two lines of work have brought her special distinction, one in the group of lung diseases, the other, undertaken with Dr. Gay, in typhoid immunization.

Her gifts, herself, she held ready always, everywhere, for the call of need. In this great European crisis she longed for active service. The call for service came, in a request from Dr. William Osler, head of the medical work in connection with the English army, for the new typhoid vaccine for the French and English troops. She responded by devoting herself to the preparation of this vaccine, overseeing the work, and herself attending to many necessary details. In order to make the keeping of the material more certain, it was by a new process finally dried. Though protected by her own vaccination from all ordinary infection, she finally yielded to the unusual exposure, and succumbed to an attack of

typhoid, which was for a time so mild as to be undetected, until it resulted in perforation of the intestine.

Wellesley College has felt the influence of many unusual personalities, and among these Dr. Claypole has left an impress on the minds and hearts of all who knew her in those early years.

On the academic side she was the embodiment of the spirit of science, of the spirit of research. Her interest in nature was deep and genuine, her acquaintance with it life-long and intimate. In her devotion to truth there was no shadow of self-seeking. The world to her, the world which she revealed to her students, was the living world, the world of which she and they were an intimate part. Through her it became beautiful, significant. Even her gentle humor, which ran like a golden thread through the serious fabric of her make-up, spoke of a deep understanding and a tender sympathy, that extended to the whole realm of living things.

Having herself grown up in a scientific atmosphere, the method of science was as easy for her as breathing, it was a method of dealing with problems of every day. Her students, working with her, could not fail to imbibe something of her spirit of investigation, could not fail to acquire somewhat her ways of doing things.

There are figures that memory makes live amid Wellesley's green meadows and wooded hills, and among them are those of two fair young English girls,—brown corduroyed forms, expressing in every movement strength and grace and bounding health. We see them swinging the hockey stick in Stone Hall Cove; bicycling over the country roads; inerrily mocking the rest in masquerade; gay comrades and good sports, with older or younger fellow students.

Memory, musing on this one who is gone, loves to linger over the gentleness of that face, with its clear gray eyes and firm, curving lips, passing by easy stage from sweet seriousness to tender smile or whole-hearted merry laughter. The heart grows warm again in the sunshine of that presence, it draws comfort from those springs of tenderness, it takes courage from that steadfastness and strength.

That friendliness, the sudden vanishing of which has left so many grieving, was the manifestation of the deepest motive of her being. It reached to the humblest of living creatures, it found its highest expression in the service of humanity. It covered the sick, the unfortunate; it bound to her all co-workers. It was the sign of

what was most significant in all her relations, as woman, teacher, investigator, physician, comrade and friend.

The outstanding impression of this life is that of a consistent, harmonious whole. In this equal development of all sides of her nature, in the perfect attuning of all its parts, lay the secret of her charm. Her body was a fit temple for such a mind and spirit. In all things there was in her a fine balance. She was fearless, but not rash; resolute, but not stubborn; conscientious, but not morbid; she was unbound by convention, yet courteous and law-abiding; she possessed sentiment without sentimentality; she was womanly, but not effeminate; tender, yet strong. Science to her was no cloak to be put off or on, but a part of her very being. Through it she had gained that sense of the unity of life, that consciousness of the long, upward-tending struggle, which gave her a vision for humanity. It supplied her also with the tools by which she might work with the rest for the coming of that better day. And now, in her death, she has ended, with the gift of herself, her life of service.

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LETTERS

DR. MARY B. JEWETT, FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA

Another link is broken in the chain that binds us to the blessed days that were, in the passing of Edith Claypole. It was my great privilege—and it is my great joy to remember having had her in my class room at Buchtel College in the study of English Literature. Such a quick and keen intelligence, such a complete sympathy and appreciation of all good things warm any teacher's heart, and stimulate her to give of her best and be her best; such students as Edith make teachers alert.

There is a sacred spot in my memory: a simple home that held a great family group. It is in that setting, in the home of a college professor in a middle western state, that I best remember Edith Claypole. Her father, Dr. E. W. Claypole, the simple, sincere, great-minded scholar and eminent scientist; his dear companion and helper, also a scientist, a woman of the keenest intelligence and warmest heart, and most genial sense of humor, whom it was a delight to know; and the inseparable sturdy, wholesome, happy twin sisters, Agnes and Edith, boon companions, eagerly and joyfully taking in the good things that each day's living brought them in such a blessed home.

It is indeed hard to realize that dear family of plain living and high thinking can no more gather together here, and that only one is left; but it is a blessed privilege to have been one of such a group; and to us who had the privilege of a welcome to such a home, the memory grows more precious with the passing years. All life is made richer by such memories. In the manner of our Dr. Edith's passing, in the devotion to all the highest aims for which Dr. and Mrs. Claypole always stood, she has shown herself worthy of her lineage.

MISS DORA E. MERRILL, EMMET, IDAHO

The world will give her her meed of praise for her splendid

scientific work, but my mind goes back to the old college days, to our two dear girls. Life was full of great events even in those happy days, particularly after a Saturday's tramp with your beloved father. In all the years that have passed, your home has meant in my life the highest example of simple living and high thinking I have ever known. How vividly we remember happy suppers after busy days when that dear tyrant of the tea-pot refused to take off the cosy till all were ready for the second cup of tea! Father, Mother, Edith are gone, but that home is a radiant, living reality that can never die.

PRUDENCE WINTER KOFOID, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

I see her face, noble, serene, kindly, and then through many a memory I see a vista of mountains, those great ranges you and I know so well, with sunshine on their summits. I feel at once an uplift of my heart, as if my spirit were summoned from the trivial and the commonplace. I feel that with all Edith's great and varied interests in life, which you in these days are counting over in such loving memory, in no environment was her soul so perfectly attuned as in that of the great out-of-doors. She was not away from home, she was entering into her own. There was no sense of the abnormal, she shouldered her pack, she walked her trail, she studied the trees, the flowers, every mountain view. She dropped everything and entered upon an exciting fishing escapade with the spirit of a young boy. A dip in a mountain stream was a keen delight. If all must share in bringing comfort out of possible discomfort, with what zest she did far more than her share!

Today we believe her soul wanders in other spacious parts of the Father's universe. Perhaps the mountains and rivers are even higher and deeper. Perhaps the mysteries of power, and knowledge and love press even closer to the spirit. I am thinking she is still serene, and that with open heart and child-like spirit she walks her way undismayed, poised, at home with it all.

MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

A friend is like a picture—one has to be some distance off in order to see it as a whole and to appreciate to the full its unified

beauty. During the last two years, especially, I had come to love Edith Claypole, her personality, her poise, her abilities, but it is only now that she is gone that I begin to see how rare a combination of personality and talent she embodied. Many women are large-minded and refined, giving themselves constantly to those who make demands on their sympathies; many women are cultivated, charming in conversation, socially gracious; a few, here and there, are rarely talented in art or literature; a very few are really exceptional in the field of science.

Edith Claypole was all of these things. Yet a stranger meeting her might think her merely a charming, genial lady, and would have to be told by her proud friends that she was also a scientist of growing international reputation, in an especially difficult subject. She never talked of herself and her work in the self-centered manner assumed by many persons of rare ability; if she talked at all of her work it was in a large, detached way, as though she were only one of many enthusiastic research workers.

We who knew her loved her for what she was to us in many different ways, and according to our natures; but her departure has given a new perspective to her life. Now we know that she was a rare human being, with a larger endowment both of intellectual ability and of sweet and generous character than often falls even to the unusually good and capable.

DR. NORMAN BRIDGE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Edith Claypole served as pathologist in our medical office in Los Angeles nine years, from 1902 to 1911. During the first two years she was an undergraduate medical student, and was able to give us only about two hours each day, after her lecture hours were over. After her graduation from the medical school of the University of California (Los Angeles branch) in 1904 she gave us her entire time, except when away on vacation.

Her work was much hampered during the earlier years for want of room and laboratory facilities. After the office was moved to the Auditorium building she had better facilities—in a little laboratory room, but not sufficient for the best conditions of easy work. She did the routine drudgery in pathology for a group of a

half dozen practising physicians and surgeons; she helped them in manifold ways; by her thorough knowledge of pathology and technic and by many thoughtful suggestions, she pointed the way to better scientific standards. She made cultures and vaccines and developed a remarkable knowledge and judgment in diagnosis from the standpoint of the pathologist.

Here she began her work on Streptotricosis and its relation to tuberculosis, which she carried forward after she went to the University of California, making valuable contributions to the knowledge of the world on this subject.

She early showed a mental bent towards research, and when she left to enter this field exclusively at the University, the deep regret of the whole office—doctors and assistants alike—at losing her was tempered by the thought that she was now going to have a better opportunity to do the things she liked best to do, and for which she was fitted as few women and men have ever been.

Her life in our office, as everywhere, was characterized by true womanliness, magnanimity, and a freedom from pettiness that is the failing of so many of us. She had a fine sense of humor; she loved animals and flowers; she had a broad vision of life and living—she was incapable of being silly or hysterical about anything. Everybody in the office was made better by her presence, every doctor, unconsciously perhaps but certainly, was led to higher efficiency in his professional work.

To her associates in professional work in Los Angeles she was always the same characterful, refined woman, with all the commendable qualities that belong to womanhood, and with none to regret or criticise. While they mourn her loss they glory in her ability, her character and her achievements; and they are thankful for the uplifting memory of an association, in a work of wide beneficence, with a charming, unselfish and exalted personality.

DR. HENRY B. STEHMAN, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Dr. Claypole was so thoroughly efficient in all she undertook that it is with difficulty that one determines in what special line of work she excelled above another.

If I were to select a work that would show her to more

advantage than any other, because it is more exacting, I should choose her hospital work. Any one who has had any considerable experience in hospital service knows that it is here, that which a man or woman really is, is laid bare.

A physician in private practice may cast a spell of wonder over the laity and overawe them by what he reposes himself to be, but in the team work of a hospital, there are no fictitious values, a man counts for what he is and no more.

Honesty is not at a premium, for here is a realm where honesty is the only coin that passes current. Efficiency is not only highly praised and prized, but it is the only quality that can command and demand proper professional respect alike from patients and physicians.

The man who is not well equipped, unless perhaps he is so blind to his shortcomings that he can not see them, neither wants the hospital, nor does the hospital want him. The hospital is really in search of those who are equipped and qualified by virtue of what they are, by what they have done and what they expect to do. For a man of low ideals, narrow vision and selfish interests, there is no room in a well organized altruistic hospital. Dr. Claypole proved her title of highest excellence in her hospital work.

DR. CHARLES D. LOCKWOOD, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Dr. Claypole was one of those rare and lofty spirits, whose life and conversation make real the ideals and dreams of mankind. Her going leaves a great vacancy, not alone in the lives of her friends, but in the world of science where she labored so skilfully and so joyously. Her friendship has been one of the great inspirations of my life, and the memory of her great, noble, generous nature will ever be a guiding influence.

MISS LUCY STEBBINS, DEAN OF WOMEN, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Her strength and steady fidelity in the search for truth have been of untold value to her chosen field of science and in the world of women's work.

*MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS, SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA*

Her service was so splendid, her interests so inspiring, but best of all was the humanness of her warm, vital personality.

*MRS. AURELIA H. REINHARDT, PRESIDENT OF MILLS
COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA*

How much of womanliness, of scholarship, of dignified knowledge and industry, an exemplar of what is best in the world!

*DR. HERBERT C. MOFFITT, DEAN OF THE MEDICAL
SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA*

Any one knowing her must appreciate both her personality and her brilliant mind.

*THOMAS D. ELIOT, PULLMAN UNIVERSITY,
WASHINGTON*

When such as she leaves us it is indeed a challenge to us who remain to pick up the torch and carry it on.

THE LATE DR. JOHN B. MURPHY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

We all admired her and esteemed her. She was the highest exponent of womanhood in scientific capacity, fidelity of purpose, and modesty in great achievements. Her name will be a beacon for future generations.

*PROFESSOR FREDERICK PARKER GAY, M. D., UNIVER-
SITY OF CALIFORNIA*

(From a report to the President of the University of California)

It is with the greatest sadness and sense of personal and public loss that we record the death of Edith J. Claypole, Research Associate in Pathology. Dr. Claypole came to us three years ago from Pasadena, and volunteered her services in the investigation of cer-

tain infectious diseases that had interested her as a student of Biology and medicine for several years. The department was able, fortunately, to offer her facilities for her work from the first, and later some appreciation of the results obtained by a definite position on the staff. The charm and gentleness of her spirit soon endeared her to all who came in contact with her. Her skill and ingenuity in experimentation gradually led to the accumulation of important data that were critically examined and presented with convincing logic and conclusiveness. She first collected from various parts of the world representative cultures of a group of micro-organisms (*Streptotrices*) that had long been recognized as producing certain diseases in man and animals. She pointed out the relation between these disease processes and their similarity to the well recognized disease, tuberculosis. It could be shown by certain immunologic tests that this group of micro-organisms could be caused to show regular gradations from the bacteria toward the higher budding fungi. Dr. Claypole then devised a simple test, a skin reaction, by which human cases of this disease could be detected and separated from tuberculosis, from which they are indistinguishable by ordinary methods. The possibility of a specific therapy was in mind when she was taken from us. At least Edith Claypole lived to know that her work was discussed and appreciated.

But her mind was by no means fixed on her own and personal problems. She readily offered her constant co-operation and thought on problems that were first in the minds of others. Although a free lance in the laboratory she aided in instruction and willingly took over time consuming examinations that might help another's investigation or aid in the treatment of a patient.

Her outside interests, while never intruding on the more specific tasks she had set herself, were in the many lines that tend to social betterment, particularly in those aspects that as a physician she was fitted to help. A woman of rare personality and ability, we feel that we shall not see her like again.

It is with a peculiar feeling of appreciation that we learn that friends of Edith Claypole have established a memorial fund* in the University of California to perpetuate her name and aid in the continuance of her work.

*The Edith Claypole Memorial Research Fund in Pathology.

RESOLUTIONS

ALAMEDA COUNTY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Whereas, The cause of scientific medicine has lost an invaluable worker through the death of Dr. Edith J. Claypole; and,

Whereas, Through original research she perfected a simple method for the differential diagnosis between streptotricosis and tuberculosis, thereby eliminating the previously existing confusion between these diseases; and,

Whereas, She participated in reasearch that resulted in the improvement of typhoid vaccine, thereby increasing the efficiency of this indispensible means for the prevention of typhoid fever; and,

Whereas, She was active in presenting the facts of public health to social and educational organizations, thereby furthering popular knowledge of preventive medicine; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Alameda County Medical Association expresses its profound sense of loss and extends its sympathy to the bereaved relatives; and, be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Association and a copy be sent to her sister.

ROMILDA PARONI
WILBUR A. SAWYER
JOHN N. FORCE

ALPHA EPSILON IOTA

On March the 27th, 1915, an irretreivable loss came to us through the death of Edith J. Claypole, our beloved Mystic High Priestess; be it, therefore

Resolved, That with reverence for her memory the Zeta and Iota Chapters of Alpha Epsilon Iota, in joint meeting assembled, express their sense of bereavement and their deep appreciation of her work and character.

In her death the world has lost one who made it better for having lived; the women of our state have been deprived of one, who in all ways stood for the highest womanhood; the profession has lost a worker, who with clear mind, earnest endeavor and untiring zeal was a pioneer in medical research; the Fraternity mourns a loyal comrade and unselfish leader; therefore be it

Resolved, That these two chapters express the deepest sympathy to the sorrowing members of her family; and, be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the two chapters and a copy be sent to the family.

GEORGIA E. THOMPSON
ETHEL M. WATTUS
FLORENCE CHUBB
ALICE FREELAND MAXWELL

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

The Science Club of Wellesley College records its sense of loss in the death of Doctor Edith Jane Claypole, a charter member of the club, its first secretary, and active both in its foundation and its early conduct. Descended from a father who was himself a distinguished man of science, and receiving her early education at home, she was by inheritance and training exceptionally fitted for the line of work to which she chose to devote her life. She early exhibited unusual capacity for research; in the field of cell-studies and pathology her many papers are evidence of her power of achievement. As a teacher she opened the eyes of her students to the beauty and significance of living things, revealed to them the method of science, and inspired them with the high nobility of its aims. Members of other departments recognized the open-mindedness and appreciation that marked her attitude towards all branches of scientific activity. As a physician she early became interested in preventive medicine, and to its advance she devoted herself without reserve. Through her researches in pathology, particularly in certain obscure cases of infection and typhoid immunization, she won distinction, and in the application of these researches to the needs of humanity, she has crowned her service with the gift of her life. Her charm of manner and winsomeness of spirit, with its

strong and wholesome nature, quick and tender in its response to the needs of others, and her unfailing steadfastness in friendship, endeared her to large circles. We, the members of the Science Club, express our sadness in the loss of a comrade, and our appreciation of her service to science.

Signed in behalf of the Science Club,

ELLEN HAYES

MARION E. HUBBARD

Signed in behalf of the Academic Council and of the Faculty,

CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, Secretary,

ELLEN F. PENDLETON, President.

ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNAE

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, in recording its sense of loss in the departure from life of Dr. Edith Claypole, may remind its members how closely her activities were linked with its own larger aims. The Association believes that a liberal education is good for women; that women so educated are a help to the progress of the race. It urges in every way—by legislation, by the written and the spoken word—the right of women to the broadest training; and it has accepted the responsibility of shaping that education not in formal curricula but in the exceptional preparation of women fitted for research. It believes moreover that the special services rendered by original thinkers and workers is not incompatible with family life, individual beauty of character and a large neighborliness.

We cannot, therefore, permit to vanish from our midst without remark, one who exemplified in an exceptional degree a rare type of womanhood and, at the same time, the finest scholarship. In her intimate relations she was habitually kind and unselfish; to the community she was always giving more service than her neighbors knew. In those very last days she was making a personal investigation of some of the difficult problems among girls employed on the "Zone" of the Pacific-Panama International Exposition; and in speaking to groups of girls in sorority and club houses on medicine as a profession for women; while always setting before those who

came to her for advice the ideal of high devotion to whatever vocation they chose.

Not only in these personal contacts, but in her own practice of the physician's calling, she pursued the ideal rather than the commercial choice. Leaving to others the immediate relief of suffering, for years she had been devoting herself to the discovery and removal of the deeper causes of disease, and was in the midst of such labor when the end came. Research work in the bacteriology of typhoid, tuberculosis, and other related and obscure forms of disease had made her widely known to the world of science, and her discoveries will form the basis of a new treatment and further advance toward prevention and cure.

Dr. Edith Claypole offered the utmost that a human being can give—life itself—to the cause of science. For the sake of new and essential knowledge she undertook investigation involving personal danger only to become another of those heroes of peace who give their lives for the advancement of mankind. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, in grief yet with pride, places upon its roll of beloved and honored members who have gone onward, the name of Edith Claypole, who died on Saturday, March 27th, 1915, in order that others might be saved from suffering.

MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE
PRUDENCE WINTER KOFOID
MARY GORDON HOLWAY

THE EDITH J. CLAYPOLE MEMORIAL RESEARCH FUND IN PATHOLOGY

ROBERT ORTON MOODY

The sudden taking away in the prime of life of an investigator so gifted and so enthusiastic in research as Dr. Claypole, leaves unfinished problems upon which much valuable work has been done. Too often the results of such work are lost because the records are filed away and forgotten, instead of being placed in the hands of some other able investigator interested in similar lines of research.

Some of Dr. Claypole's friends most familiar with her work felt it was too valuable to be thus lost. They wished to provide for the continuation of her work to its full fruition. They also desired to establish a memorial which should be forever a worthy tribute to one whose gifts to humanity, through loyal devotion to research, had been so large. These friends have chosen as a fitting memorial to her love for humanity and her ability in research, to increase for all time, the number of research workers in Pathology, her chosen field of investigation.

To this end, they have created by gift to the University of California, "The Edith J. Claypole Memorial Research Fund in Pathology," the income of which shall be used annually under the joint direction of the President of the University and of the Professor in charge of the Department of Pathology, for the encouragement of the investigation of problems in pathology, preferably by women, particularly in the field of the diagnosis and specific therapy of the infectious diseases of man.

The deed of gift provides that one quarter of the annual income shall be added to the principal until the fund amounts to twenty-five thousand dollars, after which all the income shall be used for the purpose named, the principal being kept without impairment. It further provides that additions to the fund, which is now ten thousand dollars, may be made by any person at any time.

Until this fund amounts to twenty-five thousands dollars, one

of the friends gives annually the difference between the income for that year and twelve hundred dollars, so that beginning with the college year 1915-1916 this sum has been available for research.

Those working under this fund are appointed Edith J. Claypole Research Assistants in Pathology at the University of California. The appointees are continuing research on the problem of the use and efficiency of the typhoid vaccine. During the year 1915-1916 Dr. Sanford B. Hooker of Boston filled this position. The appointee for 1916-1917 is Miss Ruth L. Stone.

Singularly beautiful, singularly unified was this life of Edith Claypole. To those who knew her she will endure as one of the fairest types of human kind,—perfect in body, rarely gifted in mind and heart. In the hearts of all mankind she will live for what she has done. Her service, inspired by a vision for humanity wrought through years, went straight to the heart of human misery, found its place in the field of preventive medicine, and closed for this world with the supreme gift—life itself.

There is a grief for the loss of such a life—for this heart so quick to relieve, to console, to share a comrade's burdens, for a mind so keen, so clear-sighted. But such a life in its fine courage, its high nobility, sounds the note of triumph and challenges us all to reach its heights.

Many loved truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her,
But these our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

James Russell Lowell.

A life count closed*****
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near
So that fruits follow it.
*****for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life
Nor any death dispraise.

Edwin Arnold.

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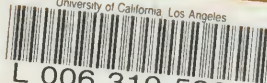
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